THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LX.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmina dona
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIRGIL.

I always feel my consequence, as a Lounger, not a little exalted, whenever I have an opportunity of making some atonement for the general levity, not to say frivolity, of many of my speculations, by an infusion of literature, or a sprinkling of wisdom in some. Hence, I can keep upon tolerable terms both with the volatile and the serious. I am always happy to conduct my readers, by a variety of paths, to the Garden of Amusement, and the Temple of Instruction. He, who is tired of a lady's prattle, in one of my papers, may, by the aid of patience, be relieved by a little philosophy in the next. I strive to follow up a smile, at a naked elbow, with a frown at some sturdy foible of my own sex; to make a rapid transition from theme to theme, and to giggle with the belles of Philadelphia one week, merely to acquire fresh spirits for the labour of talking about the poets of Persia, the week after.

On the present occasion, my labour is a *labour of love*. I have only to be the delighted herald of Hafiz, who makes his interesting appearance, in a dress, which has rivetted my eyes, which has fixed the gaze even of Listless, and which, I am sure, the ladies will say is enchanting.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I send you three versions from the Persian poet, who so successfully struck the Anacreontic lyre.

He alone can be cynical enough to withhold his admiration from the jovial philosophy, and sweet muse of HAFIZ,* who, in journeying through the wilderness of life, has never been tempted by the allurements of Love, Wine, and Friendship, to step aside from its thorny paths.

O

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.*

The tale of my enamoured heart,
And whose lov'd form my bosom treasures,
I shall not tell; or, but impart
To the sweet harp's ecstatic measures.

As this world's sphere, where Hafiz lives,
Is round and round, forever turning;
So my fond breast, for her who gives
The generous wine, is ever burning.

From one like her I cannot change;
Ah, no! my flame I cannot smother:
Or could my passion stray, 'twould range
But from one ringlet to another.

When age thy pleasures shall destroy,
Then, Hafiz, turn to sober thinking;
But now, while gay and young, enjoy
The flying hours in social drinking.

—

The dear delights of love and wine,†
To quit, a thousand times I swore;
In vain would I those joys resign—
I *vow*, but I can do no more.

What are the bowers, celestial shades,
That lovely Houries dance among,
The sweet abodes of heavenly maids,
To that of her by Hafiz sung!

If, as 'tis said, the joys of love,
The ardent sigh, the burning kiss,
Angelic natures cannot prove,
I can't conceive what forms their bliss.

Whene'er I'd raise my heart to prayer,
The maid, who every wish inspires,
I feel enthron'd, the idol there;
My breast, the altar for her fires.

—

The morn, in fragrant roses veil'd,*
Advances from her eastern bowers;
And dew-drops, by her breath exhal'd,
Like pearls, are scattered o'er the flowers.

Haste, lov'd companions, while around
Of Eden's plains the gale divine
Breathes from the garden's shadowy bound,
And quaff, with me, the sparkling wine.

The rose displays her emerald throne,
Where stands the bower, to lovers true;
There let the goblet be o'erflown
With liquor of the ruby's hue.

What! at the banquet still abide,
Unconscious of the rising day!
Be quick, the gates throw open wide,
And taste the sweets that round us play.

O youth, to thy beloved fair,
Now bid profuse libations flow;
And, Derveish, let thy matin prayer,
Inspir'd by wine, move fervid glow.

From cheeks of an enchanting maid
Drink the intoxicating kiss;
And, ere it can thy grasp evade,
Like Hafiz seize the fleeting bliss. A

I feel a very sensible pleasure, and I indulge a laudable pride, in reflecting that, by the ingenuity and friendship of a man of taste and letters, I can make an oriental classic familiar to our western ears, and that the songs, which have gladdened the bowers of Asia, may be repeated on the banks of the Delaware. I hope these literary recreations may be continued, and my correspondent, when he shall have finished the translation of Sir William Jones, can find fresh hints in the collections of Hindley, Nott, Rousseau, and Sir William Ousley.

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* The following story, among many others, is told of this poet.

"There is a place called Pirisebz, or the *Green old man*, about four Persian leagues from the city of Shiraz, where dwelt the mistress of Hafiz, with whom the Prince of Shiraz was also enamoured; and a popular opinion had long prevailed, that a youth who should pass forty successive nights there, without sleep, would, infallibly, become an excellent poet; young Hafiz had accordingly made a vow that he would serve that apprenticeship with the utmost exactness, and for thirty-nine days he religiously discharged his duty, walking every morning before the house of his coy mistress, taking some refreshment and rest at noon, and passing the night awake at his poetical station, but on the fortieth morning, he was transported with joy on seeing the girl beckon to him through the lattices, and invite him to enter. She received him with rapture, declaring her preference of a bright genius to the son of a king, and would have detained him all night, if he had not recollected his vow, and, resolving to keep it inviolate, returned to his post. The people of Shiraz add, (and the fiction is grounded on a couplet of Hafiz), that, early next morning, an *old man, in a green mantle*, who was no less a personage than KHIZR himself, approached him at Pirisebz with a cup brimful of nectar which the Greeks would have called the water of *Aganippe*, and rewarded his performance with an inspiring draught of it." Sir W. Jones.

* Translated by W. Ousely, Esq.

I shall not tell the story of my enamoured heart to the world: or if I do tell it, it must be to the sound of the harp or violin.

As the sphere of the world thus moves round without intermission, my head is giddy with a passion for the lovely cup-bearer while my hand seizes the goblet of wine.

From a mistress like her I can never turn away my heart—Yes, but if I do, it will be only from one of her ringlets to another.

When you shall be old, Hafiz, then depart from the wine tavern; but but firt enjoy, while young, the pleasure of drinking and of convivial mirth.

† Translation by Sir W. Jones.

I cannot relinquish the delights of love and of a flowing cup; I have vowed an hundred times to forsake them: I *vow*, but I can do more.

The garden of paradise, the celestial shades, and the bowers of the lovely Houries are not equal, in my opinion, to the mansion of her whom I adore.

If, as 'tis said, angels are not affected with the power of love, I, a mere mortal, cannot conceive what constitutes their felicity.

In the time of prayer, the graceful form of my beloved obtrudes itself upon my imagination, and induces a musselman to become the worshipper of an idol.

* Translation by Sir W. Jones.

The dawn advances veiled with roses. Bring the morning draught! The dew-drops trickle over the leaf of the tulip. Bring the wine, my dear companions, bring the wine! A gale of paradise breathes from the garden: drink then incessantly the pure wine. The rose spreads her emerald throne in the bower. Reach the liquor that sparkles like a flaming ruby. Are they still shut up in the banquetting house? Open, O thou keeper of the gate. It is strange, at such a season, that the door of the tavern should be locked. Oh, hasten! O thou who art in love, drink wine with eagerness; and you, who are endued with wisdom, offer your vows to heaven. Imitate Hafiz, and drink kisses, sweet as wine, from the cheek of a damsel, fair as a nymph of paradise.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

JOHN HALL, one of the minor and earlier English poets, was a Surgeon, at Maidstone, in Kent, and is said, according to Mr. Ellis, to have written many tracts on the subject of his profession. He published "the Court of Virtue;" and, in 1550, "Certain Chapters, taken out of

the Proverbs of Solomon." The following lines are a fair specimen of his poetry. The reader will be astonished at their facility, purity, and correctness, when he adverts to the old age of these stanzas, and the quaint and vitiated taste of the time. I have preserved the prose argument that the curious may have a glimpse of the formal manner of expressing a simple idea in the reign of James I.

A DITTY

Named "Blame not my Lute," which, under that title, toucheth, replieth, and rebuketh the wicked state and enormities of most people in these present miserable days.

Blame not my Lute, though it do sound
The rebuke of your wicked sin;
But rather seek, as ye are bound,
To know what case that ye are in.
And though this song do sin confute,
And sharply wickedness rebuke,
Blame not my Lute.

If my lute blame covetise,
The gluttons, and the drunkards vile,
The proud disdain of worldly wise,
And how falsehood doth truth exile:
Though Vice and Sin be now in place,
Instead of Virtue and of Grace,
Blame not my lute.

Though wrong in justice' place be set,
Committing great iniquity,
Though hypocrites be counted great,
That maintain still idolatry:
Though some set more by things of nought,
Than by the Lord, that all hath wrought,
Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute, I you desire,
But blame the cause that we thus play;
For burning heat blame not the fire,
But him that bloweth the coal away:
Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us,
That we men's faults have touched thus,
Blame not my lute.

—

At this season of the year, I love to read the descriptive poets, and pamper my imagination with roses and lillies. It is my delight to peruse THOMSON, as I saunter on the Schuylkil, and strive to recollect Horace, while loitering under a tree. I seem, to myself, then most effectually to combine study and observation, when I can compare or verifiy an author's descriptions with the appearances of Nature. It is pleasant and profitable too, first to look at a page, and then at a prospect. I have been all day busied in the perusal of BOSCAWEN'S new version of HORACE, which I took with me in my morning's ramble, and now, at eventide, I will transcribe, for the amusement of my readers, a translation of that beautiful vernal ode, which is arranged as the seventh of the fourth book, in the edition of Gesner. The poet addresses Torquatus; and, from the vicissitude of the seasons, takes occasion to moralize upon the instability of life.

Lo! from the hills recede the wintry snows,
Soft herbage springs, the grove resumes its pride;
Earth feels the change, the lessening river flows
Within its banks an unambitious tide.

The graceful nymphs, unaw'd by conscious fear,
In native beauty lead the festal choir—
But thou, frail man, observe the changeful year,
Nor dare to immortality aspire.

To genial gales the icy chillness yields,
Now Spring retires; now Summer quits the plain;
Now fruitful Autumn clothes the plenteous fields,
And now stern Winter reasserts his reign.

Each fading wane the increasing moons supply,
But man, unhappy man, when once conveyed
Where even our great, our pious fathers lie,
Returns to dust, and flits an empty shade.

Who knows to day, if yet indulgent Heaven
To-morrow shall his wretched being spare,
Cheer then thy genial soul, thy wealth thus given,
Shall 'scape the injurious ravage of thine heir.

When once, Torquatus, life's short scene is o'er,
When Minos has pronounc'd thy awful doom,
Nor birth, nor eloquence, can then restore,
Nor piety recall thee from the tomb.

The conclusion of the above ode, which we think is well rendered by Mr. Boscawen, is of a melancholy cast, and involves in it one of the false doctrines of the Epicurean philosophy. A more modern moralizer can survey the decay and renovation of Nature, and the decline and fall of the human body, without gloomy presages. By the wide effulgence of that light, shed by the noontide of Christianity, we can discern a bright and wide prospect, to which pagan eyes were dim.

—

In these merry May days, when buds and blossoms cause us to rove through gardens and groves, it may be pleasant to contrast a vernal picture with a winter piece. Horace, in the fourth and ninth odes of his first book, has, with an unrivalled pencil, painted the gaiety of one season, and the gloom of another. Boscawen has so well preserved the sense and spirit of the original, that my classical readers will not be displeased with me for reviving some of those associations which will recall to the mind those school boy hours when, in the cloistered shade, or *sub tegmine fagi*, the exquisite pages of ancient wisdom were perused.

TO SEXTIUS.

Stern Winter yields; with grateful sway,
Soft Spring and blest Favonius reign;
Refitted vessels take their way,
Once more to cleave the liquid plain.

No more the lowing herd retires,
In sheltered stalls to take repose;
Nor plowmen trim their humble fires,
Nor plains are silvered o'er with snows.

By the mild moon's propitious light,
Blithe Venus leads her sportive choir;
Her graces and gay nymphs unite,
Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre.

Whilst, as their Lord commands, the crew,
Who toil in Etna's caves confin'd,
Resume their task, their fires renew,
To forge the bolts that awe mankind.

Now be the myrtle crown displayed,
Or wreath of earth's spontaneous flowers;
Now, in the cool sequestered shade,
Propitiate the blest sylvan powers.

Impartial to each mortal state,
Pale Death invades our peaceful home;
Knocks at the lowly cottage gate,
And the proud monarch's lofty dome.

Blest Sextius! know in life's short bound,
Fond hopes, and anxious cares are vain;
Night speeds; the fabled ghosts surround,
And the drear tyrants shadowy reign.

In that sad scene, the table's lord,
No more shall sportive lots declare;
No Lycidas shall grace the board,
Who wakes to rapture every fair.

The next ode, whose initial stanzas exhibit the appearance and the effects of Winter, contains a pleasant remedy against the rigour of a frosty season. I have often thought that Mr. Francis had finely translated

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo, &c.

But Boscawen has given it a finer turn—

TO THALIARCHUS.

Lo, on Soracte's dreary height,
The snow with silver mantle gleams;
The forests bend beneath its weight,
And frost binds up the rapid streams.

With high pil'd wood profusely stow
Your hearth, and melt stern Winter's rage;
Let Sabine casks benignly flow
With juice, that owns the power of age.

Trust to the gods the rest, whose care
Can bid fierce Nature's conflicts cease;
When the rude winds the forest tear,
Can hush the elements to peace.

Seek not to know the bliss or pain,
That from to-morrow takes its birth;
But count each day a present gain,
Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth.

Ere hoary age your temper sour,
Now let the martial plain delight;
Let Love's appointments claim their hour,
And with soft whispers charm the night.

Then, whilst in darkness lurks the fair,
Soon by her tittering laugh betray'd,
Do thou the shining bracelet bear,
Won from the struggling, willing maid.

—

Mr. GRAY, in a letter to a friend, takes occasion to notice some fragments of Highland poetry, and says "there is a very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, when the moon is seen by short intervals."

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides.
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come,
At eve, she saw his boat on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?

I feel no disposition to controvert here the opinion of Mr. Gray, whose correct and delicate taste, in poetry, cannot be impeached. On the contrary, I think there is something wonderfully pathetic in these simple lines, and the queries at the close excite many an image of tenderness and grief. If such be the effect from simple prose, the anxiety of the maiden must be greatly heightened if expressed in the language of poetry. I have, therefore, transcribed these lines, and wish that the bard, Asmodeo, will give them that poetical attire, which he can easily procure from Fancy's loom.

—

In St. Leon, the mysterious Alchymist, and the squalid wanderer, in an arbour on the lake of Constance, recounts to his inquisitive host some of the singular events, in a life of fearful vicissitudes. The following sentences, at the close of his recital, are examples of elaborate construction.

"I have wandered through every region, and have found only disappointment. I have entered the courts of princes; I have accompanied the march of armies; I have pined in the putridity of dungeons; I have tasted every vicissitude of meanness and splendour; five times have I been led to the scaffold, and with difficulty escaped a public execution. Hated by mankind, hunted from the face of the earth, pursued by every atrocious calumny; without a country, without a roof, without a friend, the addition that can be made to such misfortunes scarcely deserves a thought."

—

It is singular that GAY, who only intended to burlesque his subject, should have produced a series of Pastorals, more accurately descriptive of the manners and habits of rural life, than any since Theocritus. Even in the Bucolics of Virgil, there is much triteness of description, and sometimes his shepherds talk too finely. The clowns and country wenches of Gay speak in their genuine dialect, and advert to none but village incidents.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

J. LUZAC's ORATION,

ON THE CIVIC CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

(Continued.)

But among the citizens of Athens who engaged principally the care and attention of Socrates, were those youths whose minds yet pliable, could be moulded by the plastic hand of wisdom, and delighted to receive the instructions of virtue—for Plutarch justly observes of Socrates, what I must again adopt, the words of *Seneca*, to express, "that useful service to the commonwealth is not exclusively confined to those who defend the accused in the courts of justice, or deliberate and decide upon peace and war, but extends to him who exhorts youth to virtue, instructs them in the paths of justice, of piety, of patience, of fortitude; who teaches them contempt of death, submission to the will of heaven, and the inestimable blessings of a good conscience." Now it is known to all mankind, how well the philosopher deserved of his country by that admirable school he instituted, where youth were formed to all accomplishment and energy of mind. Of the citizens distinguished by their learning, prudence, integrity and fortitude, who issued from that seminary, the numbers and extraordinary talents are universally known:—though together with them, were likewise some, possessed indeed of great and transcendant faculties, but who afterwards abandoned ungratefully the principles of their instructor, and disgraced themselves by their vices and crimes. Of these, Theramenes, Alcibiades, and, worst of all, Critias, gave the most notorious examples.

It was not however by admonition and precept alone, that this master of wisdom and virtue served his country, and especially her younger citizens; he added the more efficacious influence of example, and the decisive demonstration of good deeds.—Let us dwell a little upon this part of the civic character of Socrates.

"It was (in the judgment of Cicero) admirably said by Socrates, that the shortest and most compendious "road to glory, would be that of him, who should by his actions prove himself *to be*, exactly what he would wish to be thought." The man who thus pursued real glory, free from all vain ostentation, might without indecorum, openly profess to be what he really was. Thus, in the *apology* which Plato wrote for his instructor, Socrates, after giving in the words I have before repeated, the reason why he wisely abstained from the management of public affairs, affirms, that he was not actuated in the remotest degree by the fear of death; and indeed, he did, without shrinking from the danger of capital punishment, inflexibly resist all violence and injustice, as well when the *people* played the tyrants, as when a cruel domination was exercised by a few. Such is ever the firm and equable energy of mind which marks the upright and spirited citizen, that he detests alike all tyranny, whether oppressing under the name of a king, or under the semblance of the people. You recollect, my hearers, the state of affairs in Attica, during the Peloponnesian war. You remember the frantic liberty, or rather the mere phrenzy of the Athenian people. At Arginusæ, eight Athenian commanders had obtained a signal naval victory over the Lacedemonians; among those leaders was the younger Pericles, conspicuous by his father's fame, and Diomedon, venerable for his own services, piety and virtue. The Spartans were vanquished and put to flight; many of their vessels were sunk; a tempest arose; the fury of the winds and waves made it impossible, notwithstanding the injunctions of the commanders, to save from the waters those Athenians who had fallen during the battle, into the sea:—By unavoidable necessity they were left unburied, or swallowed in the deep.—An Athenian law, however, commanded that every man fallen in battle should be buried; and subjected to capital punishment every commander who should neglect its execution. Those very leaders, whose valour and good fortune had restored the desperate affairs of their country, were recalled, and impeached for a sacrilegious violation of this law. Every artifice of malice was employed, particularly by Theramenes, the very man to whom they had given the orders for saving the dead bodies from the sea; every artifice I say was employed to exasperate the people against men, not merely innocent, but who had rendered a most important service, and who at the first trial, had very nearly obtained a sentence of acquittal. The next day a decree of the Senate was proposed, for holding the trial by a general assembly of the people, so that sentence might be passed by a single vote upon the whole eight, without hearing their defence. This proposition prevailed against the positive injunctions of the law, that even the greatest of criminals should not be condemned unheard; and in defiance of every usage and all justice, by involving in one sentence, several distinct persons accused.—Among the Prytanes, those who had any knowledge of the laws, resisted and refused their consent to the proposed trial by the suffrages of the Attic tribes. But the instigators of the assembly, Theramenes, Callixenus and others, vociferating that the *Will of the People was the Law*;—that the commands of the people were always valid, always sufficient—that whoever thought otherwise, and opposed them, ought to suffer the same punishment as the accused commanders themselves, overpowered the other Prytanes, and every citizen who had resisted this hurricane of popular passion. Overawed and intimidated, they desisted from their opposition, and finally promised to comply with whatever the people should require, however unlawful. Of the private citizens, Euryptolemus alone persevered in undaunted resistance. Among the Prytanes and Proëdri, Socrates alone was immoveable. Fortune, as if to exhibit the contrast of a firm and resolute man, with a multitude commanding evil, had that day given to our philosopher the first vote among the Proëdri, and in that capacity made him for that single day, the chief magistrate of the Attic republic. Unawed by the menaces of powerful demagogues; undisturbed by the clamours of the multitude; he sternly and inflexibly refused all illegal compliance, and declared he would sooner die than infringe that most sacred oath, which, as a senator, he had taken. This, as Xenophon remarks, was an example of boldness which no mortal but Socrates ever exhibited. This incomparable fortitude of a man, I had almost said more than mortal, was rewarded, not indeed by saving from death the accused commanders, but by redeeming Socrates from all participation in that guilt which Calixenus, Theramenes, and the whole Athenian people, afterwards so severely expiated, when reduced to subjection by the Lacedemonians, and scourged by the cruelty of the most inexorable tyrants.

The best of citizens had smiled in calm disdain, at the violence of a frantic populace. What was his conduct under those thirty tyrants, when genuine liberty was destroyed, and every other citizen either in banishment or cowardly bending beneath the yoke? His conduct was that of a man, whose freedom was beyond the reach of events. He never transgressed the laws; and with their aid he withstood the tyranny of the few, as he had before resisted that of the multitude. Inaccessible to fear, and resolved to share all the dangers of his fellow-citizens, he moved not a foot without the gates of the city, for which Cicero justly commends him; yet the tyrants were wading to the most shameful depths in blood, nor could any man consider his life or property as safe. The *thirty*, after surrendering or rather betraying the city to the enemy, for the sake of destroying its liberty, and overturning the democracy, had rased their walls, delivered up their fleet and all their naval stores; and relying on the Spartan garrison, which Lysander at their request, had quartered upon the city, to be maintained at the cost of the Athenians themselves, they exercised a most cruel and oppressive domination. They preferred submission to the imperious Lacedemonians, rather than the enjoyment of equal rights under a popular form of government. They began indeed by condemning and inflicting capital punishment upon those, who during the democracy, had practised calumny for profit, and destroyed many of the best citizens by false accusations. This severity, the worthiest citizens had not disapproved; but the tyrants soon degenerated from it into the most flagrant and atrocious injustice. Not a man distinguished by wealth or dignity, could escape them. They seized, imprisoned, and put to death their victims with such merciless expedition, that, as Isocrates and others testify, they butchered, without trial, in the short space of eight months, that they held their power, fifteen hundred citizens. It is not prudent, at all times and in all places, to utter even the most laudable sentiments; but the ferocious and sanguinary cruelty of those abominable monsters, became so intolerable to a man, whose delight was humanity as well as justice, that he could not refrain from uttering his indignation in terms like these:—"Scarce a day passes, but we behold these thirty rulers of our republic, send to execution numbers of citizens, not the most worthless, and they have made many the instruments of their injustice. Should the keeper of cattle diminish and reduce from day to day the number and value of his herd, it were strange, if he should not be pronounced by all the world a bad herdsman: Still stranger should I deem it, if the chief magistrate of a city should labour daily to destroy or to deprave the citizens, without blushing or being conscious of his own unfitness to be the ruler of a nation."

Among the thirty, Critias was at that time foremost in authority, as well as in bold and ferocious cruelty. He had formerly been a disciple in the school of Socrates, but having abandoned it, had conceived the animosity natural to a wicked and ungrateful mind, against a virtuous man, in return for obligations conferred, and was actuated by the deepest malignity against his instructor. He was addicted to the most brutal species of lust, and was exasperated by the severity with which Socrates had reprimanded him for so shameful a vice. The informers, a tribe which never fails to teem where liberty is suppressed, reported to this Critias and his accomplice tyrants, the comparison by which Socrates had likened them to bad herdsmen; and Critias, who together with Chericles, had been appointed to revise the laws, passed, with a view to gratify both his former and recent resentments, a general prohibition against teaching the art of oratory. This art, Socrates no otherwise taught, than as good sense is the source and fountain of all good speaking; he therefore firmly persevered in the course upon which he had once entered, and continued, daily pointing out to the young men, who frequented his school, that arduous and rugged, but truly honourable path which leads to substantial happiness by virtue. For this, Critias had the effrontery to summon Socrates to appear be-

fore him and Chericles. To summon Socrates! that unpolluted innocence, before whose mere presence, the basest of human beings ought to have been (as Alcibiades on a former occasion had been) struck with reverence and terror. The answers he received, at least sufficed to cover him with shame. Unabashed by the frowning insolence of the tyrants, unawed by their threats, and heedless of their scoffs, the philosopher answered them with his peculiar keen and ingenious irony, until at length, without coming to a decision, they dismissed him, with the caution to beware lest he might chance to diminish the the herd himself; meaning that he might himself add to the daily number of their victims. But the stroke of death, thus threatened by the tyrants, was despised by him, who, a few years afterwards, when accused before the people, on a like occasion, expressed himself to them in words like these :—" Athenians," (said he) should you at this moment pronounce my acquittal, on condition that I should henceforth lay aside these discussions and forego the pursuit of wisdom, and sentence me to death, if ever found in the repetition of these employments—Were you to dismiss me on that condition, my answer would be this : Athenian fellow-citizens! you have my warmest affection! my whole soul is devoted to you! But I must obey the voice of Heaven rather than yours."

BIOGRAPHY.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF W. GIFFORD—FROM PUBLIC CHARACTERS, FOR 1803.

Mr. Gifford's translation of Juvenal has appeared, and with it the expected memoir of his life, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most interesting and best written *morceaux*, which the pen of the biographer has ever executed. It is difficult to say which is most entitled to our admiration, the manly candour which unfolds his humble origin, or the genuine modesty which veils his present eminence. Of the former, Mr. Gifford has favored us with a description in all respects so perfect, that the hand of arrogance itself would recoil from the conceit of blemishing so beautiful a production, by the alteration of a point. It will however be our pleasing task to supply some deficiencies in the sequel of this interesting memoir; a task which the modest silence of the author has rendered necessary. If he himself has conducted his readers to the vale of obscurity, and, as he terms it, of poverty, " beyond the common lot" in which fate first cast him, justice demands that they should also know those merits which have elevated him from such a destiny to a distinguished rank among the public characers of his own times, and which will doubtless secure to him an honorable fame, when many of the more dazzling meteors of transient notoriety, shall long have ceased to glimmer.

[Here the writer has inserted the life of Mr. G. as written by himself; for which see Nos. 38 and 39, Port Fol. Vol. II.]

Such is the interesting history of himself, which Mr. Gifford, with unexampled candour, has given to the public.

Who, that has perused the BAVIAD and MÆVIAD, with a judgment capable of appreciating the merits, and a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy the beauties of those poems, can read this memoir without exclaiming, " Was such the origin of GIFFORD—was such the theatre in which his first ideas were formed, and his first impressions stamped!"

It is, indeed, almost impossible to conceive a station among civilized men, more remote from every thing allied to intellectual sense, to polished manners, and cultivated taste, than the birth of a cabin-boy in a coaster! Nor can the shop of a presbyterian shoemaker be considered as a sphere of existence much more elevated. In this latter situation, however, Mr. Gifford passed several years of that critical period of youth, when, in general, those habits are acquired, and those propensities are imbibed, which characterize the man. How then has it happened, that light and shade are not more opposite to each other, than is the character of Mr. Gifford to that, which a similar destination in life would have formed in almost every subject. To the properties of genius alone, can such a preservation of mind be attributed. That rare ingredient among the gifts of nature to her children, was mingled in the lot of Gifford. It was the consciousness of genius which made him spurn the labours of the plough, and, afterwards, when chilled by poverty and depressed by sorrow, he *sullenly* and *silently* submitted to be bound apprentice; is it not discernible, from his own pathetic description of that act, that it is the captivity of genius which is recorded! The apathy, the temporary annihilation of mind, which was the consequence of this mental bondage, will be easily accounted for on the same grounds by the most superficial enquirer. In a clime so uncongenial, genius became torpid. Gifford still had eyes and ears, but they beheld no object; they imbibed no sound capable of conveying to such a mind any impression of sufficient force to rouse its energies, or even to excite its attention.

Happily for the honour of our age, the lethargic influence of such an atmosphere was not permitted to be permanent. We have seen that the discrimination and benevolence of a Cookesley, released imprisoned genius; and we have seen, with gratitude to Cookesley, its subsequent career. Though the distance is immense, between the eminence of the author of the Baviad and the obscurity of the cabin-boy of the *Two Brothers*, yet we shall cease to be surprised at the atchievement, when we reflect that it is not more natural that the eagle, liberated from a prison stake, should dart on daring wings to meet the sun, than that genius, freed from misery, poverty and care, should soar towards the summit of distinction.

The Baviad, to which we have so often alluded, though Mr. Gifford does not once mention it in his own memoir, is unquestionably the best satire that has issued from the press since the Rosciad of Churchill. The epidemic malady of *Della Cruscan* poetry, which gave rise to the Baviad, must be in the recollection of most of our readers. A fitter subject for satire never presented itself to the poet's lash; and we are almost heathens enough to say, that Apollo, through the agency of the generous Cookesley, singled out Gifford as the champion of his cause against the mad rebels who threatened to overturn his empire upon earth, or at least in Britain. Be this as it may, we will assert, that the poet's connection with the god, is distinguishable in every line; and that the defeat of the *Cruscan* phalanx could not have been more complete, had the muses and their master fought in person. Though Mr. Gifford himself observes, in a note to the Mæviad, that " the contest was without danger, and the victory without glory, from the impotence of these askaparts," yet we must dissent from this observation. It surely required no slender degree of skill or courage to attack a host, however puny in themselves, who had the current of popular applause for their intrenchment, and columns behind columns of prostituted and venal journals ready to repel the attack. Accordingly the champion of sense and poetry was in his turn assailed by the " angry ebullitions of folly unmasked and vanity mortified." In the approbation and applause of the good and wise, however, Mr. Gifford found solid cause of self-congratulation, while the imbecile attacks of fools or knaves passed by him like " the idle wind."

The Mæviad appeared in the year 1795, and may be deemed a second part of the Baviad. The satire of the former was particularly restricted to the sonnetteers and ode mongers of the Cruscan school; but the latter, embraced Cruscan and Harlequin dramatists. As there has existed but one opinion upon the merits of these poems, our criticism would be as useless as we confess it would be feeble, on account of our limits, We cannot, however, refrain from selecting two or three short passages from these poems, which will convey a juster idea of Mr. Gifford, to those who can understand them, than any description of his character by another hands

Is a grateful remembrance in prosperity, of those who were the friends of our adversity, an amiable trait?——Hear Mr. Gifford.

——" Thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide;
Me, all too weak, to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelm'd, but that an outstretch'd hand
Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerv'd,
And still protects the life it then preserv'd."

The following lines are, perhaps unequalled in their poetic beauty; at the same time that they display sympathies none but the good can cherish.

" Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden power,
And take their colour from the natal hour,
Then, Ireland*, the same planet on us rose,
Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose.
Thou know'st how soon we felt this influence bland,
And sought the brook and coppice, hand in hand,
And shap'd rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew,
And paper kites, a last great effort, flew:
And when the day was done, retir'd to rest
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine on our breast—
In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our sports before, were one;
Together we explor'd the Stoic page,
Or the Ligurian stem—the beardless sage—
Together too, where Greece unlock'd her stores,
We rov'd in thought o'er Troy's devoted shores,
Or followed, while he sought his native soil
" That old man eloquent," from toil to toil;
Lingering with good Alcinous o'er the tale,
Till the east reddened and the stars grew pale,
So past our life; till fate, severely kind,
Tore us apart, and land and sea disjoin'd
For many a year; now met to part no more,
The ascendant power confess'd so strong of yore;
Stronger by absence, every thought controuls
And knits in perfect unity our souls."

Again:—Need any one enquire the habits of him who wrote these lines:—

——O for thy spirit—Pope.

* * * * * * *

" An hour may come,—so I delight to dream,
When, slowly wandering by thy sacred stream,
Majestic Thames! I leave the world behind,
And give to fancy all the raptur'd mind;
An hour may come, when I shall strike the lyre
To nobler themes: Then, then the chords inspire
With thy own harmony, most sweet, most strong,
And guide my hand through all the maze of song."

The merits of the Baviad and Mæviad are of a nature to perpetuate the memory of their author, and the translation of Juvenal, which Mr. Gifford has recently given to the world, would have consecrated his name to the homage of remote posterity, even had no other production served as its precursor to fame. The satires of Juvenal are justly ranked among the best productions of the ancient poets. Yet it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, that a complete translation was attempted; and even then, the versions of Sir Robert Stapleton, and Barton Holiday, were the only means by which an unlearned reader could obtain a glimpse of

* The Rev. Mr. IRELAND, Vicor of Croyden, Surrey; author of *Vindiciæ, Regiæ*, &c.

the literary treasures of the Roman satirist, for a period of nearly an hundred years, when Dryden's translation appeared. With the character of this translation, every reader must be sufficiently acquainted. Dr. Johnson has said of it, "that it preserves the wit, but wants the dignity of Juvenal." Without inquiring whether the Dr. *meant* to convey praise or censure by this character, we are clearly of opinion, that a want of Juvenal's dignity cannot be atoned for by any other merit in his translator. But it is not necessary to discuss the merits of former translations for a deduction of the necessity of Mr. Gifford's, as we have seen that other motives than the *public service* first urged him to his task, stimulated its progress, and decided its publication. It might be deemed arrogant in us to pronounce judgment on a performance so lately in the hands of the public; we will therefore restrain those expressions of admiration and applause which would flow "*trippingly from our tongue*," sensible that the judgment of posterity will do ample justice to the "*Juvenal* of OUR age."

Since this article was begun to be written, the nobleman to whom Mr. Gifford personally, and on his account the British public generally owe boundless obligations, has left the world. We could wish it were engraven on his tomb.

Here lies the PATRON of WILLIAM GIFFORD.

One patron however remains, of whom the poet himself thus sung—

> Yet one remains, one name forever dear,
> With whom, conversing many a happy year;
> I mark'd with secret joy the opening bloom
> Of virtue, prescient of the fruits to come.
> Truth—Honour—Rectitude.

It is needless to add, that the nobleman alluded to, was Lord BELGRAVE, now the Earl of Grosvenor.

Blessed with such a friend, the subject of these memoirs is safely sheltered from the storms of life, in an harbour, which affords him competence, tranquillity, and respect. In the society of the first characters of this country, for rank, talents, and taste, does the ci-devant cabin boy of the *Two Brothers* mingle as in a sphere for which nature evidently designed him. Contrasting therefore the origin of William Gifford, with his present eminence in society, we may describe the emancipation of his genius, in the same words as Pope describes the liberation of the soul by death—and say—

> As into air the purer spirits flow,
> And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
> So flew the soul to its CONGENIAL PLACE.

EDUCATION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DOCTUS INDOCTO MULTUM PRÆSTAT.

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus at ampli;
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.
Hor. lib. 1. *Epist* 3. v. 28.

The want of a proper academic institution, established on the pure desire of diffusing knowledge and polite literature into the minds of the youth of the United States, induces the author of the following to expatiate for a few moments on the utility which so laudable an establishment subjected to particular laws, would afford to the community; and likewise on the causes which have occasioned such great changes in those now in existence.

Many indeed would be the advantages acquired by an university, keeping the students under the most rigid discipline, and before admittance into which, a certain specified advancement must be obtained. In a well regulated seminary, the greatest care should be observed to keep the pupils within fixed restraints, prohibiting them from visiting any adjacent city or town, except on extraordinary occasions; and even then, the consent of a tutor ought to be previously obtained. We have no schools here that strictly adhere to this rule; the consequences are, that the pupils attend concerts, visit taverns, and finally fall in love; and as long as hope, that pleasing delirium of the soul continues, so long are their minds estranged from their necessary and more urgent employments to those of a vague and transitory nature. Now on the contrary, should these rules be minutely and regularly enforced, the students, whose minds are never idle, would have recourse to their studies for amusement, which, though possessing no outward enticement, have inwardly certain fascinating qualities, which charm more and more by practice.

Many colleges at this day, (to their disgrace) permit children to initiate their alphabet in them, the major part of whom, before they have advanced as far as Ovid, quit college and have finished their education. Now of what benefit are the professors of philosophy, mathematics, &c. to the college? Perhaps one student in twenty, may think it expedient to learn moral philosophy, and half of that number to graduate. Boys generally count the time they have been at College, and not their acquirements in erudition. Each says I have been here so many years, and therefore I think it is high time to quit; but if a bystander should accidentally inquire what progress he has made, or what book he is reading, then he hangs his head and puzzles his brain to invent some appropriate answer, which, when with difficulty obtained, will perhaps be a falsehood at last.

Now it may be asked, and very reasonably too, upon what do these follies depend. Upon the deficiencies in the establishment of the college? No. The answer is obvious, they are certainly occasioned by the weak minds of doting parents, who require nothing more than a hint or suggestion from their darlings to grant any request.

There might be pointed out many more inadvertences or natural weaknesses in such parents; but one seems to present itself more forcibly than any other to me, it is that habit of exculpating their children in every thing, without giving themselves the trouble of enquiring into the truth. And it is upon this principle that we have daily instances of boys running from college, for the slightest reproof, or perhaps punishment from their tutors, (which their delicate frames are unable to sustain) and complaining to their parents, tell them their case, which is straightway espoused by them, and in an instant the college professors and all the appurtenances, are condemned, without being allowed one word for their own defence.

To these and such like infatuated parents, do most of our seminaries of learning owe their ruin. But one in particular has felt, sorely felt, their baneful effects, I mean St. John's college, in Maryland, the regulations of which were enacted by as sensible visitors as any in the Union, at the head of whom is the honourable the chancellor of Maryland. But for its worthy and upright principal, John Mc Dowell, Esq. I can find no words of sufficient import, to express my high respect and esteem. Can the fault lie on the part of the college with such a president? Certainly not. Nothing has yet ever been advanced against that venerable sage, whose firm mind no panegyric could influence, nor obloquy molest.

Long has this stately edifice been struggling for its lost splendour; long have its visitors been endeavouring to re-establish it in its ancient magnificence, and to preserve it from impending destruction. But what can the efforts of a few individuals accomplish against the united strength of the community. However, we look forward with eager anticipation, to the day when this noble establishment will again spread its rays over the United States, and by its improvements and amendments, render an ample compensation for its present ordinary state. Then may each patron exclaim in the words of Horace, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius"; or, in the more expressive terms of the prodigal's father, "It was dead and is alive again, it was lost and is found."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The supplementary number of the Monthly Magazine, published at the close of January, 1803, enables us to present our readers with a summary criticism upon most of the interesting and newest books published in London. We have carefully selected from the mass such books as will be most useful and agreeable to cis Atlantic readers.

Mr. Maurice has given the most irrefragable evidence that he enjoys an intelligent spirit of research not to be intimidated by difficulties, and a stock of industry not to be exhausted by exertion; we might have feared lest he should sink under the weight of so vast an undertaking.

Dr. Anderson has now finished in six 8vo. volumes, his "Recreations in Agriculture, Natural History, Arts, and Miscellaneous Literature." He has completed a work which communicates in a very pleasing manner, a great variety of very interesting and useful information, and evinces an inquisitive and well cultured mind. Whatever becomes the topic of investigation, receives some new lustre. Dr. Anderson holds in his hand the torch of philosophy, which in all his recreations, whether he explore the paths of science or of art, burns with a clear and steady light.

The Woodland Companion, or a short description of British Trees, with some account of their uses, is a little work composed by Dr. AIKIN, and will be found extremely interesting and instructive to young persons.

Priest's Travels in the United States, are alike destitute of information and amusement.

We have not derived more amusement for some time from any book, than Mr. Wolff's "Sketches and observations taken in a tour through a part of the south of Europe." He describes what he saw, in so very agreeable and elegant a manner, that his work amply repays the perusal.

A small 8vo. volume, entitled "The Metrical Miscellany," contains one of the most elegant collection of poems, most of them never before published, that we ever had the pleasure of reading. It is supposed to be edited by Mrs. RIDDLE, by the consent of the respective authors, among whom we see the names of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, the honourable H. Erskine, Dr. Darwin. Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Matthias, Mr. T. Smyth, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Riddle, &c. If a collection formed by a contribution of such distinguished persons as these, does not abound with poetical beauties, we know not whither to direct our search for them.

Mrs. Opie has published an elegant little volume of poems. They discover a great deal of taste, and a great deal of feeling.

The poetical register or repository of fugitive pieces for 1801. This collection is formed with considerable taste and judgment.

"Minstrelsy of the Scottish border," consisting of historical and Romantic ballads, are interesting volumes, edited by Mr. Scott, an eminent advocate at the Scottish bar. He has searched for

with great industry, and selected with great taste, many compositions which lay scattered on the borders of his country.

The "School for Satire" is a good collection of modern satyrical poems.

Verses by George Hay Drummond, are extremely elegant and pathetic.

"Original Poems and Translations; particularly Ambra, from Lorenzo de Medici; chiefly by Susanna Watts." It is very seldom that we have had so many temptations to transcription set before us, as in collecting the list, which we have just enumerated, of poetical publications: we dare not yield to the fair seducer, who now solicits our attention; and although we could ornament our page with some very delightful specimens of Poetry, must content ourselves with a reference to the volume.

The Rev. Mr. Bowles has published a second volume of Poems, which deserved an earlier mention. He is with us a favorite poet. His images are rich, and he has a great command of poetic language.

We are happy that a second volume of Miss BAILLIE'S "Series of Plays," &c. has come to a second edition. We consider these as very able and delicate delineations of the passions; they evince an intimate acquaintance with the secret springs of human action; they display a powerful genius, guided by judgment and corrected by taste.

"Literary Leisure, or the Recreations of Solomon Saunter, Esq." are miscellaneous volumes written after the manner of the Spectator and other periodical papers. Mr. Saunter has set before his guests a great variety of dishes, sweet, savoury and simple. Many of them are extremely well cooked, and served up with considerable taste. Beside these, which may be called *made dishes*, Mr. S. has accommodated some old English appetites with a few solid joints of great excellence—plain, roast, and boiled. He must have a very sickly or fastidious stomach, who cannot contrive to make a good dinner off something or other; and he must be a very sulky ungracious guest, who will not acknowlege his obligation to the master of the feast.

Miss Edgworth's "Moral Tales for Young People," are extremely amusing and instructive.

Mr. Haigh's "Conjugata Latina" is a very useful and ingenious work.

Mr. SURR's novel of Splendid Misery, is a work of fancy, which evinces considerable genius in the writer. The story possesses many features of orginality; and is told in language very superior in point of correctness and polish, to that which we are accustomed to meet with in modern novels. The character of the hero, Latimore, is doubtless a boid attempt; but we think it is nevertheless a successful delineation of the workings of hatred and ambition in a lofty mind. The portraits from fashionable life are lively and correct drawings. The public opinion has in a great degree anticipated our judgment of "Splendid misery," which has already passed through two editions, and a third is now announced to be nearly ready for publication.

"Lady Geraldine Beaufort" is the production a daughter of the late Serjeant Wilson. The characters are tolerably well drawn, and the story is conducted with some ingenuity.

"Le Forester," is a novel of some merit; it exhibits respectable talents—under the form of an Eastern Tale, a great deal of keen satire is levelled at *modern* philosophy

"Jealousy, or the dreadful Mistake," is a simple interesting tale, written in easy, unaffected language.

"Welsh Legends", is a very entertaining collection of popular oral tales.

"Home," a novel, is very respectable in every point of view.

The "Strolling Player, or life and adventures of William Templeton, is a very amusing novel, displaying striking traits of character.

As a supplement to his memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. COXE has compiled and published in one quarto volume, "Memoirs of Horatio Lord Walpole, selected from his correspondence and papers, and connected with the History of the Times from 1678 to 1757, illustrated with portraits. Mr. Coxe is singularly fortunate in his access to authentic documents; with his diligence the public is already acquainted; and on the present occasion it will not be disappointed in its expectation of an interesting and well arranged historical MORCEAU. Lord Walpole was engaged in a public capacity at an early period of his life. He was ambassador at Paris and ambassador at the Hague; and, during the whole period of his brother's administration, was an able and useful coadjutor with him, both in and out of parliament. His biographer informs us, that ever after the resignation of his brother, although he filled no official station, yet in consequence of his experience, abilities and weight among the party, he retained a considerable influence over many of the ministers. He was confidentially consulted by Mr. Pelham and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and often gave his opinion in the most frank and unreserved manner to the Duke of Newcastle, to the Duke of Cumberland, and even to the King. The political memoirs of such a character, must throw considerable light on the history of the times. The documents from which these memoirs are taken, fill 160 Port Folios. Of these Mr. Coxe has availed himself, and the sources of his information he has enumerated in his preface. The work is rendered more interesting, by the introduction of portraits of many contemporary characters, and of fac similies of their hand writing.

The celebrated and adventurous HORNEMAN, has published a Journal of his Travels from Cairo to Mourzouk, the capital of the kingdom of Fezzan in Africa. No man seems to have been better qualfied by nature and education to promote the object of the African Society; no man has a more ardent and indomitable spirit of enterprize, or enjoys constitutional and corporeal powers in greater perfection than Mr. Horneman. He does not seem to have formed any calculation, as to the time when we may expect his return to this country. He states himself "as being in excellent health, perfectly inured to the climate, sufficiently acquainted with the manners of his fellow-travellers, speaking the Arabic language, and something of the Bornou tongue; being well armed and not without courage, and under protection of two great *Shereefs*, he has the best hopes of success in his undertaking. He states himself as being on the point of setting out with the caravan to Bornou; here he proposed to remain till autumn, and then to proceed to Cashna.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Duane swears very roundly that the Editors of the Gazette of the United States have neither talents nor industry. If so, why is he aggrieved by their attacks, why does he stand upon his defence, or why does he strive to staunch the bleeding of those political wounds, which these Editors have inflicted? If they be, indeed, men of straw, surely they need not appal the stout-hearted Duane. But his eagerness to repel these assailants proves their puissance. Men are *unice securi*, are eminently careless of the random blows of those who have neither talents nor industry enough to give us pain. No: it is the *accomplished* fencer whose passes we are eager to parry, it is the *sturdy* Mendozas with, *lusty sinews, and heart of controversy*, against whose *knock down blows* we are anxious to be on our guard.

—

What sort of a long *talk* was that delivered before the Tammany society, by the *Indian* chief Duane? The Aurora account says it was "a long talk on the *present state of things*." We are curious to know whether, like Col. Tom Claiborne, he "did not chuse to launch out into *lengthy eulogium* on the character" of the grand sachem of the seventeen fires.

—

It is supposed that "brother Duane" derives his title to be a member of the Indian societies in America, on account of his *lengthy* residence in the East Indies. There can be nothing more natural than a coalition between the savages of Asia and those of North America.

—

It must cost our economical Indians a good deal of money to keep seventeen fires burning at once; the consumption of fuel must be more than sufficient to roast a Mammoth ox.

—

In a New-York gazette we observe the comedy of *Delays* and *Blunders* advertised for the benefit of Mr. *Jefferson!!*

—

We understand that party cabal has found its way through the walls of the Philadelphia jail. Inspectors of that *humane* institution have been able to turn out of the office of keeper a man whose integrity is unimpeached; whose fidelity to the public never was suspected, and whose capacity to discharge the duties of the employment, which, for several years, he has exercised, even his enemies dare not dispute. A noted convict, now in prison, it is said, has had considerable influence in bringing about this change. Since which there has been a rumour of the discovery of a conspiracy among the convicts to effect an escape. The majority of Inspectors are democrats—Mr. Edwards, the late keeper, is a Federalist.

—

An advocate, pleading before one of the French parliaments, the president told him repeatedly to abridge his cause. The advocate contended for it with increased effect, and insisted that he had said nothing, but what was essential. The president, at length, piqued at something he had advanced, told him that the court ordered him to conclude. Well, answered the advocate, I *conclude* that the court understands me.

—

He was no Norman, who remarked, that going to law, was the art of cutting one's throat with a pen.

—

An old coquette and slanderer, is like a rose bush in winter; the flowers and leaves are decayed, and nothing remains but the thorns.

—

In proportion to the ignorance and emptiness of Cheetham and Duane, is the turbulence they excite. The worst wheel in a carriage, it has been said, always makes the most noise.

—

A satyrical writer, animadverting upon the frivolousness of modern females, remarks that

during those captious epochs in their history, when, like tragedy queens, they plunge themselves into an august melancholy, and an imperial despair, and are most puissantly in love, they should betake themselves to the study of romances. These should be voluminous and tender, calculated to improve their style, and to keep imagination awake.

This serious study may sometimes be diversified by *practical* novels, of which the French language furnishes great abundance. Here the catastrophe comes sooner, and Nature has her share as well as Sentiment. In these excellent manuals the most admirable passages may be found. The pleasing tumult of the senses, the soft annihilation, and expiring sighs of the happy pair, may agreeably recall the recollection of certain tender transactions, or divinely stimulate them to realize, at once, what is at once so vividly and morally described.

—

A popular government resembles the rule of children, when parents are abroad. The house is turned topsy turvy, the furniture is broken, the victuals wasted, and our Lilliput housekeepers fall at length to pulling hair, and to hacking each other with case knives.

—

A wit, describing the universal Empire of Love, drolly describes its onsets among the *finny race*.

——————Love assails
And warms, 'mud seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimped Cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts.

—

Kotzebue, in his Benyowski, avers that fish are *mute* for no other reason that they *drink* nothing but *water*.

—

The democratic writers are constantly canting about the danger of aristocratical power, and strive to make the people credulous to every report, which babbles concerning an imaginary creation of nobility. Those, in fact, who dislike the present feebleness of our councils, and wish for a government of greater strength and wisdom, are far from being lovers of aristocracy, in the sense, at least, in which that word is understood. The writer of this article can truly say, with one of his political oracles, that if the present constituion must perish, he would rather by far see it resolved into any other form, than lost in that austere and insolent domination.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

On the subscription list of the Port Folio we enumerate many, who, from want of opportunity, want of attention, or culpable negligence, postpone their payments for this paper. This is a sin of omission that must be reformed. We know that our agents, and friends, in general, are abundantly conscious of the necessity, as well as propriety and justice of prompt payment for a paper, which neither derives, nor can derive, any support from the lucrative aid of advertisements; which NEVER HAS BEEN, NOR NEVER SHALL BE a source of emolument to its proprietor in consequence OF ITS SERVILITY TO ANY PARTY; and, lastly, which, though composed of more copious materials, conducted with more labour, and published at a greater expense than any other periodical miscellany, either at home or abroad, is sold for a very moderate consideration.* We hope that individuals will reflect that the Editor and his associates do *their* duty, and fulfil *their* engagements. Though the conductor of this journal is deeply sensible of the imperfections of his literary toil, yet he has a *right* to say, that he *labours* with assiduity. Though, with the consciousness of one, capable of inventing but little, he blushes at his own unskilfulness, yet he has a *right* to speak proudly of the elegant and useful contributions of others. From the liberality of his friends he anticipates a just appreciation of the labour and time, expended on this undertaking. He wishes for no other jury to investigate the *quantum meruit* of his service. At this genial season, when every *bud*, and every *shoot*, and every *flower* is indebted for its growth and transitory perfection to the benignity of Nature; to the broad sunshine, and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades," we are persuaded that all among our subscribers, who love to reason analogically, will conclude that "WITHOUT THE DEW—THE CORN SHALL WITHER ON HIS STALK."

* This is not a hazarded assertion. The Editor has taken care to ascertain, with accuracy, that no literary journal, in Europe as well as America presenting the same quantity of matter each month, is sold so reasonably as the Port Folio. It is, moreover, executed with a type and paper, which, without arrogance, may challenge a fair competition.

LIST OF AGENTS FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At the commencement of this year, the Editor published a brief catalogue of the names of agents for the distribution of the Port Folio, in different parts of the United States. This list was necessarily imperfect and incomplete, as at that period his established correspondence was neither so copious, nor so general, as at present. He now states, with satisfaction to himself, and with gratitude to others, that the following gentlemen, many of them with disinterested alacrity, have kindly undertaken to disseminate this paper. They are generally requested to transmit names received, or cash collected, as promptly as possible. For, though his subscription list has increased, and is increasing, still, from the great expense of the establishment, it is far, very far, from being lucrative to its proprietor.

LOWER CANADA.

Mr. John Neilson, printer, *Quebec.*

UPPER CANADA.

Sylvester Tiffany, *Niagara.*
John Lochart, *Montreal.*

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Wm. Tredwell, Printer, *Portsmouth.*
Alexander Thomas, Esq. *Walpole.*
Frederic A. Sumner, *Charlestown.*
Thomas Thompson, Esq. *Salisbury.*
George Sullivan, Esq. *Exeter.*

VERMONT.

Jabez Fitch, Esq. *Vergennes.*
Cephas Smith, Esq. *Rutland.*
Micah J. Lyman, *Bennington.*
John Leverett, Esq. *Windsor.*
Jonathan H. Hubbard, Esq. *do.*
Mr. Nathum Mower, Printer, *do.*
Daniel Chipman, Esq. *Middlebury.*

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TEST.

TO LUCY.

Oh Love! how cruel are the stings
  Thy votary sustains!
His pleasures fly on swiftest wings,
  Eternal are his pains!
A kiss from Lucy's lips I stole;
It thrill'd, delicious, to my soul;
  'Twas true love's choicest boon!
Yet—how uncertain is my fate!
The joy, for *fiction* was too great;
  For *truth*, it fled too soon.

Who, Lucy, from this harsh suspense
  My wavering soul shall free?
Thy hand the balsam must dispense,
  The cure must come from thee.
Oh! from those lovely lips of thine,
Be, once again, the favour mine
  To snatch that charming kiss!
Thus! thus my fervid passion crown;
And all my sceptic scruples drown
  In floods of certain bliss.

BATISTO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

A woman, sauntering near a river's brink,
From thought, or thoughtlessness, or drink,
  No matter which, fell in it;
And, as the story goes,
She ended quickly all her earthly woes,
  Was drown'd, to speak more plainly, in a minute.

Soon as her spouse the tidings knew,
Swift, as an arrow, to the spot he flew,
  The corps to find, and the last duties pay:
Friends, cried he, with tearful eyes,
If ye know where my poor Peggy lies,
  Tell me, I pray.

Seek *down the stream*, said one—Ah, no,
Quoth he, I'd better *upwards* go;
  The wife, on whom I doated,
Was so obstinate a jade,
That, by the mass, I'm much afraid,
  She *'gainst the stream* has floated.

MERCUTIO.

[In the Brattleborough paper, a few weeks since, on the occasion of a solemn fast, the following Hymn was composed. It is elegant, pious, and poetical. The ingenious author has treated his subject very nobly, and though Dr. JOHNSON's canons of criticism are against him, has decorated the triteness of theological topics with grace; and though it was impossible to give novelty or add energy to his theme, yet it is fervent in its devotion, and sublime in its expression.]

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

Written for the use of the worshipping assemblies, on the day of the approaching general fast.

Father Supreme! Eternal God!
  We bow before thy throne;
Spare the just vengeance of thy rod,
  While we our guilt bemoan.

From early youth to riper age,
  Thy perfect word we saw;
But yet, through each successive stage,
  We spurn'd thy holy law.

Guilt, like a feverish festering wound,
  Has rankled all within;
From head to feet pollution's found,
  All leperous with sin.

Dare we approach thy holy place?
  God! spotless and serene!
Before whose sight the heavens are base,
  And angels are unclean.

How shall we dare our God assail?
  With prayer before him come;
When seraphims their faces veil,
  And cherubims are dumb.

Clouds and thick darkness, flaming fires,
  With terror mark his ways;
His mighty cherubs strike their lyres,
  And thunder forth his praise.

He rideth on the stormy wind,
  His flaming spirits nigh;
The lightning loiters far behind,
  When, at his word, they fly.

With trembling awe! far off we stand,
  And offer our requests;
And cry for mercy at thy hand,
  And smite our guilty breasts.

O God of truth! shall man essay
  To sing thy spotless praise!
Whose erring feet so often stray
  In falsehood's devious maze.

O God, most just! shall lips impure
  Within thy presence be?
Or shall those hands which gripe the poor,
  Be rais'd in prayer to thee?

Omniscient God! who form'd the heart,
  And know'st our inmost will;
Shall man from thy just laws depart,
  And dare thy presence still?

All present God! where shall we flee
  From thy all-searching eye?
To earth's remotest bounds shall we
  On wings of morning fly?

Almighty God! though worms of dust
  We seek thy sovereign grace;
Nor yet on rocks and mountains trust
  To hide us from thy face.

Though solid rock or mountain, brings
  No shelter safe from thee;
Though on the morning's rapid wings
  In vain thy sight we flee:

Yet, God of mercy! yet we move
  To thee our hopeful prayer;
For thy broad shield of boundless love
  Can screen us from despair.

Great source of love, in thee we trust,
  A nation's voice we raise;
With rending hearts and mouths in dust
  We fast and pray, and praise!

Blot out our sins, our guilt remove;
  Or if a rankling sin appears,
With eyes of pity, God of Love,
  O view it only through our tears.

SELECTED POETRY.

A SONG

BY R. B. SHERIDEN ESQ.

When 'tis night, and the mid watch is come,
  And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
  And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
  But when the fight's begun
  Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
  We think but should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear
  That their old companion *he was one*,
Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
  Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night, doth listen to the wind,
  And wakes to think how it may fare with you:
  O! when the fights begun,
  Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
  Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill chear her heart to hear,
  That her own true sailor *he was one*.

[A London Magazine states the following Song to be 250 years old. It was probably composed by some jovial philosopher who thought that Ale could nourish the body as well as cheer the mind.]

A DRINKING SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1551.

I cannot eat, but little meat,
  My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
  With him that wears a hood.*
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
  I nothing am a colde;
I stuff my skin so full within,
  Of joly good ale and olde.
    Backe and side, go bare, go bare,
      Booth foot and hand go colde;
    But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,
      Whether it be new or olde!

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
  And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
  Moche bread I noght desire.
No frost, no snow, no windes I trow,
  Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
  Of joly good ale and olde.
    Back and side &c.

And TIB my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drinkes shee, till ye may see
  The teares run downe her cheeke.
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle
  Even as a mault-worm sholde;
And saith "sweet heart, I tooke my part
  "Of this joly good ale and olde."
    Backe and side, &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and winke,
  Even as good fellows should do:
They shall not misse to have the blisse
  Good ale doth bring men to.
And all goode soules that have scoured bowles,
  Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or olde!
    Back and side, &c.

EPIGRAM.

Hark forward! cries the 'squire; his hounds
Dash o'er his neighbour Crabtree's grounds,
Who bawl'd aloud, although too late,
"I wish your honour would but try
To do to folks as you're done by,
Nor let 'em *run* through *my* estate."
"My friend, (replies the laughing 'squire),
I'm doing just what you desire;
To all the country 'tis well known,
I don't mind *running through my own*."

---

* A monk.

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